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"Fawnbreeze! When will Bubblekit open her eyes?" Rosekit was complaining.

The kits' mother, Fawnbreeze, was trying to calm her down. "She was just born yesterday. She can do it when she is ready."

Bubblekit sat up, her eyes still not open. Then she blinked her very first blink. *Wow! The world is huge! And Rosekit has green eyes? What color are mine?"* Bubblekit glanced at a puddle. She saw the reflection of a tiny black kit with icy blue eyes.

Rosekit prodded Bubblekit with her paw. "Bubblekit? You've opened your eyes? Great!"

Fawnbreeze looked at them angrily. "Rosekit! Your excitement is so loud, you woke Dashedwhisper up!" Then her gaze softened. "Oh Bubblekit, your eyes are so pretty! Just like your father's!" Bubblekit was happy to hear she looked like someone in her family.

"Can we leave the den now?" Rosekit asked.

"Of course... But after your father can see you kits. He is leader, after all," Fawnbreeze agreed.

"I heard my name, Fawnbreeze," said an unexpected voice. A dark, muscular grey tom padded up to the nursery. His meow was deep, deeper than what Bubblekit had remembered when she was born the day before when a whole bunch of cats came to see her mother's kitting.

"Welcome Stormstar! I was about to find you to show you our kits after I groomed them!" Fawnbreeze rushed to groom them.

"You don't need to groom me! I can do it myself!" Rosekit always

hated being groomed. It made her feel like she was a baby, and that was the last thing she wanted to feel like in front of her father that she was meeting for the first time.

"I don't care if you groom me, Fawnbreeze..." Bubblekit's mew was tiny, but Fawnbreeze still heard it. She padded over to groom Bubblekit.

"Well, there's really no point in grooming you, you're already so clean!" Her mother walked back over to her nest. "Stormstar, meet Rosekit and Bubblekit!"